

# Student Review

BYU's *Unofficial* Magazine

year 2, issue 23

Provo, Utah

March 9, 1988

## Analyzing the Indo-Pakistani Conflict

# Nuclear War in South Asia?

by Mark Freeman  
and Ahktar Siddique

When we talk of nuclear war, it seems it is always in the context of US-Soviet conflicts. However, probably the greater risks of nuclear war come from Third World conflicts. One of these is the perennial war between India and Pakistan.

This is essentially a regional conflict. Nevertheless, the superpowers do play a role.

Since 1947, India and Pakistan have fought three major wars and a host of minor skirmishes. Following the 1971 war, both countries began pursuing nuclear weapons capability.

In 1974 India exploded a "peaceful" nuclear device at Pokhran, but decided against deploying nuclear weapons. But in 1979 this decision was reconsidered due to increasing evidence of Pakistan's nuclear intentions.

A general consensus exists today that both nations could quickly deploy a formidable nuclear arsenal. Says Ashok Kapur of the University of Waterloo, "It must be recognized that nuclearization of India and Pakistan has occurred; the capability to make one or more nuclear bombs exists, and has existed for some time."

He goes on to explain that nuclear capability should not be confused with deployment of weapons. Both nations, by not deploying, seem to be pursuing what Kapur calls a "policy of ambiguity."

But there is no guarantee that this policy will continue. Leonard Spector explains, "Even if each side refrains from testing or assembling bombs, they will continue to build stocks of plutonium, and pressure will grow with each new spat to move forward with delivery systems."

Some have argued that nuclear weapons would stabilize the Indo-Pakistani conflict. S.M. Zafar, secretary to Pakistani Prime Minister Junejo, declared that "nuclear weapons will stop all danger of war in the region just as the nuclear strength of the two superpowers has eliminated the danger of war between them since World War II."



SR art by Pat Barth

Others see little validity to the deterrence argument. They claim that the extreme nature of the conflict and the two countries' proximity increase the likelihood that nuclear weapons would be used in a crisis situation.

While there has not been a major war since 1971, tensions remain high. Both nations are experiencing major internal disturbances. Pakistan is combatting a secessionist insurrection in the Sind province and India is suffering from major civil and communal disturbances in the Punjab, the Northeast, and several other areas.

In times of such stress, the risks of a

please see **Indo-Pakistan**  
on back page

## Poly Sci Honor Society Symposium

# Whose Right to Privacy?

by Kristin Sandberg

Should a surrogate mother who has signed a contract be able to keep her baby? Does a woman's right over her body include the right to kill the fetus? If future technology made it possible, should we allow fetus development outside of the womb? And what role should the government play in these decisions?

Each of these issues concern our constitutional right to privacy. Although not explicitly stated in the text of the constitution, it has become a generally accepted belief that the fourth amendment of the U.S. Constitution guarantees us the right to privacy.

The Constitution states, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated..."

The founders most likely did not write this clause with the issues of abortion and surrogate parenthood in mind. But, the founders were probably attempting to protect individuals against excessive government intervention.

In this era of rapidly advancing medical and reproductive technology, we are forced to consider issues which the founders never imagined. How should the U.S. Constitution be interpreted in addressing these dilemmas?

In order to consider answers to these and other difficult questions, the political science honor society has organized a Constitutional Issues Symposium concerning our right to privacy.

The honor society will bring together six experts who will meet to discuss these issues. The discussion will be moderated by Dr. Gary Bryner, BYU political science professor.

The members of the panel will include: Judge Monroe McKay, U.S. Court of Appeals; Dr. Lynn Wardle, BYU Law School; Mr. Joseph Moody, Utah state representative; Dr. Robin Blumner, American Civil Liberties Union executive director; Dr. Don Sorensen, BYU political science professor; and Dean Howard Ball, University of Utah college of social and behavioral sciences.

The panel discussion should prove lively and very informative. The discussion will be held on March 16 at 8 p.m. in room 2084 JKHB. Everyone is invited to attend.

## Interview with Dale Van Atta: Startling Information on the Iran-Contra Affair

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## Student Review

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## Interview with Dale Van Atta

# BYU Alumnus Scooped Iran-Contra Affair

by Trevor Fisher

**Editor's note:** Dale Van Atta is a BYU alumnus who has written a column with Jack Anderson for the Washington Post since 1979. Here, he tells how he scooped the Iran-Contra affair.

**SR:** When did you first learn of the sale of U.S. arms to Iran?

**DV:** November of 1985. An anonymous tip, which I didn't believe, said that Gen. Richard Secord was selling arms to Iran for the U.S. through Israel.

About a week later I met with the National Security Advisor, Robert McFarlane. He told me that Libya hadn't done anything terrorist-wise against America, but that Iran had murdered 264 Americans and were still holding some hostages. His outrage surprised me.

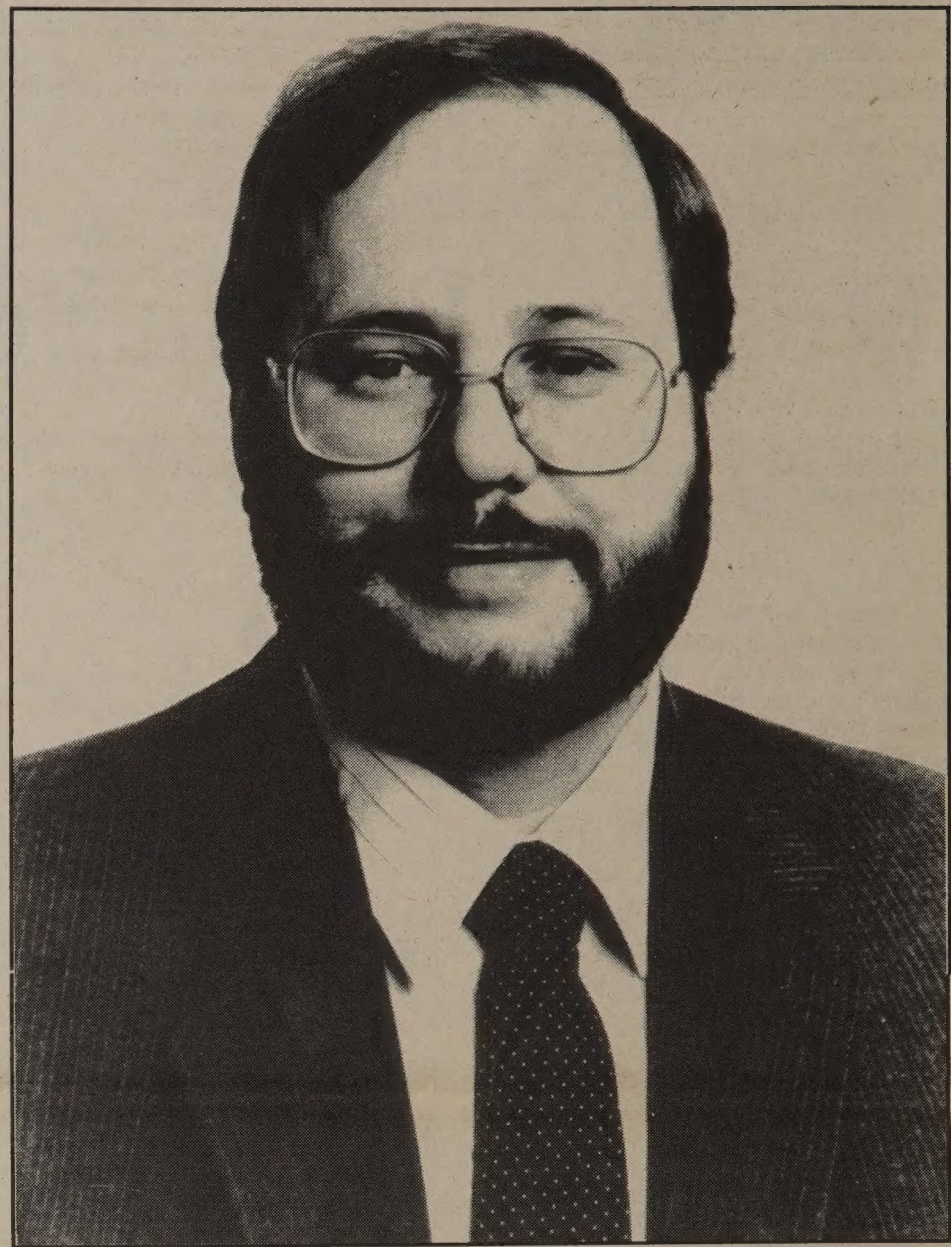
The next day, I received a call to meet at the Pentagon with an official named Noel Koch. Koch is the Pentagon's principle man on terrorism. In a quiet voice, which is abnormal for him, he said, "I understand that you know about the Secord mission. President Reagan asks you not to run the story on the grounds that the hostages might be killed if you expose the deal."

Koch reminded me that one of the hostages was the A.P. correspondent Terry Anderson who was kidnapped in March of 1985. Koch asked me if I could write a story knowing that it might cause Anderson's death. I said that it would be very difficult, but I agreed to nothing. When I left the room, I was very excited about the scoop I had.

**SR:** Why didn't you disclose your story in 1985?

**DV:** Well, I soon realized that I could hold off on the story for a little while longer if there was reason to believe that Americans might be killed. Also, I expected that the hostages would be freed by Christmas of 1985. But they were not.

However, on December 27, 1985 Iranian and Libyan backed terrorists attacked the



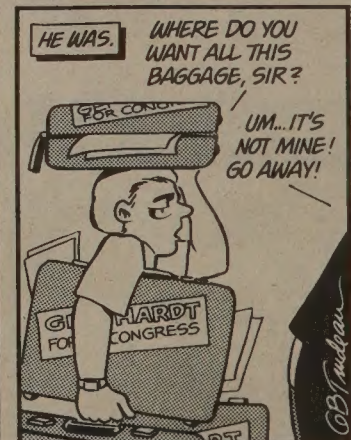
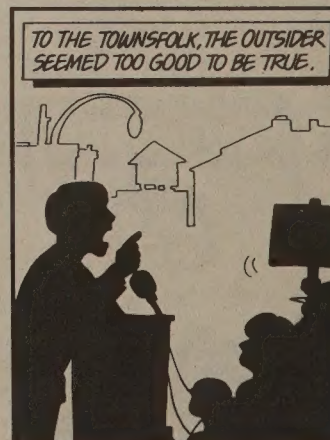
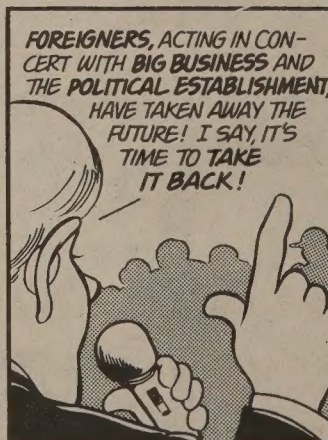
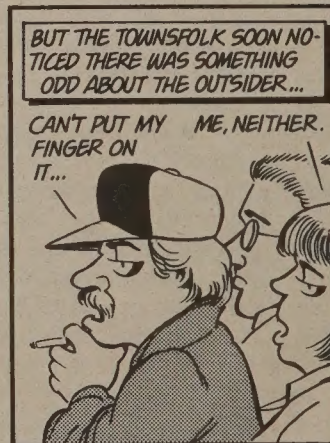
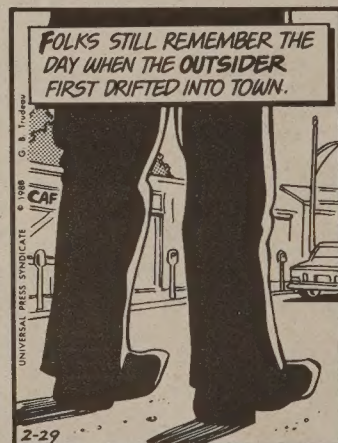
Rome and Vienna airports, killing five Americans among others. All of a sudden the Reagan administration focused on the evil of Libya.

I met with Reagan on February 24, 1986. He confirmed that the U.S. was selling arms

to Iran and that he was behind it. It was a pretty startling, historic meeting. I decided to hold the story a little longer.

please see **Interview**  
on back page

## Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU



# CAMPUS LIFE

## Garbology: It's in the Bag

*The popularity of The Eavesdropper beckoned SR to seek other ways to reach into the private lives of the BYU community. We've lost the Eavesdropper but picked up a new column beginning right here: Garbology is the collection and study of garbage, refuse and trash. Here's this week's garbology...*

### Riviera Apts.—Natasha, Jean, Pam and Traci

#### Various Food Items Including:

- 1 empty package Bakers Real Chocolate Chips
- 1 empty milk carton, Viva 2%
- 1 empty Arby's cup, large
- 2 yellow apple cores
- 1 empty can A&W diet creme soda
- 1 empty container strawberry Yoplait custard style
- 1 empty pack Carefree sugarless gum
- 1 empty bottle kosher dill pickles
- 1 empty can Pilsbury dinner rolls
- 2 wrappers Lynn Wilson burritos
- 1 empty coffin Mr. Bones candy

#### Various Household Items Including:

- 2 burnt-out light bulbs
- 1 new year's party noise maker
- 1 lime-green hair pick
- 1 small red jewelry giftbox
- 1 pair used white nylons
- 1 used white shoelace
- 1 penny, 1985 D
- 1 open package All-Star Wrestling plastic toys
- 2 Garfield Air Fresheners

### Medicine and Make-up Accessories Including:

- 1 empty bottle Aurora beige make-up
- 1 empty jar Carmex
- 1 empty bottle Sebastian shampoo
- 1 used make-up sponge
- 1 thin make-up brush
- 1 empty Lady Speed Stick Solid
- 37 used Q-tips

### Several Cards and Notes Including:

- Thank you card from Brent, Greg and Del for lasagna dinner
- Christmas card from Pam to other roommates
- Reminder from ward to bring cups to ward party
- 1 American Heritage paper
- 1 graded quiz (65%, 22/34)
- 1 work schedule (Traci's)
- Christmas card from Dr P to Traci—"Thanks for being such a hard worker."
- Note from Traci to Pam—"Call Jean at work as soon as you get home she needs to talk to you!"
- Note from Tasha to Traci—"I had to drive Rich up to school. I'll be home as soon as I can. Sorry—"
- Note from Tasha to Pam—"Your Mike called twice. The Mike from that one store that you applied at called, he wants you to call him on Friday."
- Note from Tasha to Traci—"Call me up at my house as soon as you get home. We need to go shopping. What a drag, eh?"
- Michelle and Kirk's wedding announcement—reception Dec 29th
- Half written letter to missionary—"American or some other nationality. How many companions have you had since you've been over there, I don't



Sr art by Curtiss Bay

even know if you've been transferred or not, I hope you receive this letter!"

Note from Dawn to Tasha and Traci—"You crazy girls have a fun and safe trip! Remember who you are and don't fart in public. If you're [sic] men are bored for the weekend, send them here. I've got the whole pad to myself. I'll keep them warm while you're away. Happy V.D., Dawn

### Receipts and Bills:

- Heating bill, \$10.47 each
- January rent receipt, \$150.00
- \$13.08 charged on Visa at BYU Bookstore
- ZCMI receipt for fragrance purchase, \$18.59
- Albertson's grocery receipt (Univ. Parkway 2/19, 7:46pm) \$55.87
- Import Trading Post souvenir receipt (Reno 2/18, 11:20) \$16.90

## The Parking Misfit

by Eric Kleinman

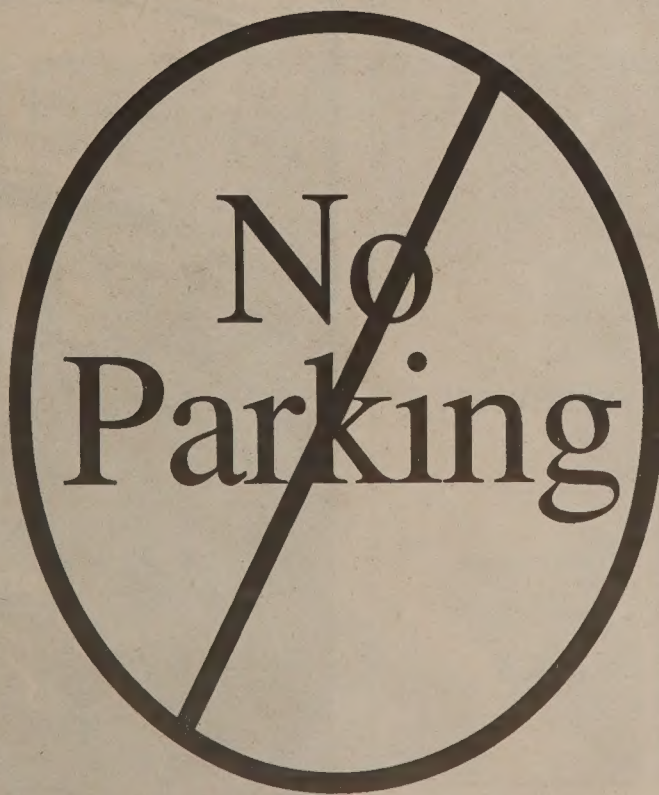
I'm a fugitive from the law—a heinous offender. Some people sell drugs, kill small rodents, or rip the tags off mattresses—I park illegally.

It all started very innocently on a rainy day last semester when I was late for class and couldn't be bothered with the weather. I rounded the corner in my car, and it loomed before me, the epitome of temptation. An empty 30 minute parking stall. It beckoned to me, "Park in me, park in me. It's only a 50 minute class and the cop was just here." I succumbed. Well, the class ended, other things came up, and I didn't return to my car for another three hours. Miraculously there was no ticket. There wasn't even a chalk mark on my tire. I concluded that all my tithing blessings had just been used up and drove off, unscathed.

As luck would have it, rain was in the next day's forecast as well. I got to school late again, temptation presented itself, and I flouted the law once more. I returned at the end of the day to find my car, once more, unmolested. It was getting scary—I had to find out what was behind this phenomenon. Was I the benefactor of mere chance, or was there some cosmic force I had which repelled law enforcement tactics?

I tried my luck again the third straight day, not out of convenience, but for scientific study. At day's end every car around mine had a ticket; my car remained pristine. It was confirmed: I was not just lucky, I was a freak of nature. I was a Parking Misfit.

It took me a few days to fully accept this for what it was, and another few to decide on the best course of action. I came to the conclusion that, like any other talent, I had to use and



develop it or lose it.

I became an expert on parking lots. I learned what the fines were for each type of lot and I learned where all the obscure, small lots were and when to park in them. I learned what the general ticketing habits of the campus cops were and how to play on their weaknesses. I learned that a red curb was only a five dollar fine while a sidewalk/lawn violation was ten. I learned how to look authoritative when parking right by the steps in front of a building and that it only takes twelve minutes to attach one of those wheel-locks. In short, I learned the ramifications of every parking situation and acted accordingly. I was a living, breathing, calculated risk, waiting to be taken.

In retrospect it's been a talent worth developing, but the risks have not always paid off. Maybe I got careless, maybe I wasn't sensitive to my biorhythms, maybe the odds just caught up with me—whatever the cause, I have been ticketed. There is no Utopia. On the other hand, I've paid them all off while they were still at the original fine and I've never been towed—as a Parking Misfit I've known instinctively never to go for a service or handicapped stall.

There will inevitably be those out there who will say, "Can you teach me to be a Parking Misfit?" Alas, no. It is not an acquired ability, but one that is thrust upon you, forcing you to act. The ability can be enhanced, but the original gift comes by pure chance.

Knowing how and where to park has opened a whole new world to me. I can sleep later and walk less—it's better than a *Franklin* planner. For those who are envious, or who have yet to realize their life's purpose, don't worry. It will come. Perhaps one day you'll even hear a parking stall call to you from the distance, and then you'll know.



# Don't Blame the Dead Guy...

by Spencer Dixon

In today's society we hope that someone will take the blame for our mistakes. Many of today's leaders, from President Reagan to Ev Meecham (and even our own President Holland) often rely on someone else to take the blame. We have invented many different words to describe these people. We have fall guys, scapegoats, the-buck-stops-here (so they'd be buck-stoppers?), guilty-parties, condemned persons, true criminals and the blameables.

Too often in society we forget about these people. We are often skeptical about who's really to blame, so we ignore these valiant folks who confess to great wrongdoings at tremendous personal cost and we look to point the blame to a higher source. I think it's time that we stop looking at ourselves and take a better look at these buck-stoppers. Indeed, they're the true American heroes.

## Iran-Contra

During the Iran-Contra scandal America was looking for someone to take the ultimate blame for the diversion of funds. I guess all the other broken laws weren't that important. We could overlook the part about sending a *Betty Crocker Stir and Frost Cake* to the Ayatollah (maybe it was his birthday); but we needed someone to take credit for aiding the Contras a few

million dollars tax free. We tried Fawn Hall because she was cute and single, but when she smiled she had that funny looking tooth coming out of nowhere. She looked like an orthodontist's dream patient—we felt sorry for her. We needed someone else.

No problem, how about Ollie North. The press made Ollie out to be an evil, power-mad, Rambo-type figure. He'd be the perfect scapegoat. But when gruff but lovable Ollie preempted Days to testify to America's housewives he captured our hearts. He spoke with dignity and a calm voice that seemed to really believe in basic America values like patriotism and home security. But once again the real key lay in the mouth of the accused. And Ollie failed this test miserably. He had that unbearable gap between his front two teeth—he couldn't take the blame with an orally-disfigurement of a smile like that. We needed someone else. So we found ourselves a buck-stopper, a true American hero. Someone with perfect teeth and a nerd-like name, John Poindexter. He was easy to hate. He was in the Navy (not the Marines like our hero Ollie), he smoked a pipe (like some annoyingly-arrogant-best-selling author), and of course he had perfectly straight teeth (he never had fillings, braces, headgear with rubber bands or a need for dentures). "Hey, this is America," someone chirped. "Four out of five dentists surveyed recommended sugarless gum to their patients who chew gum." This guy hasn't seen a pack of *Carefree* in his life, let's hang him!"

## The Six Million Dollar Fall Guy

Okay, so we've heard enough about the Iran-Contra thing, what about other famous scapegoats? Well, Lee Majors was the *Fall Guy* for about five years, so he'll do. After all, he's the one who messed up Charlie's Angels by taking away Farrah. He's a perfect fall guy. But what's he to blame for? We'll blame him for everything that happened during the running of the *Fall Guy*. That'd be all untimely or upsetting events during the late 1970s and early 1980s including: the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Michael Jackson's *Beat It* and *Thriller* videos, Ronald Reagan's re-election, new formula Coke, two-year missions and Heather Locklear's marriage to that creep from *Möley Crüe*. Thanks a lot Lee.

## Other forces

There have been many instances where people have tried to blame other worldly forces for their faults. We often use clever little quips to describe these instances. The devil-made-me-do-it is perhaps the best known of these axioms. Just exactly how the devil makes one do something is never fully explained. America loves long detailed explanations about such experiences. So if it doesn't get a few pages in the *National Enquirer* we don't usually believe that the devil wasted his time on you. Sometimes those more faithful and God-fearing try to put the blame on some positively associated being. A Buddha-type figure, a wide variety of angels or some concept of a supreme being

are usually the main focus here. But, when an RM tells the nineteen-year-old girl-of-his-dreams that he had a vision about the need for a speedy trip to the temple together for marriage, we usually smirk with doubt. After all, don't the scriptures talk about free agency or something? So to what other worldly beings do we look to for guidance and blame placement? It's always the dead guy. "Yeah, I'm eating ten thousand *Twinkies* a week before swimming around the world naked while humming East European folk songs because my mother died recently and I know she would have wanted it that way." Look, it's okay to look for someone to blame for all your stupid actions, find someone with perfect teeth or even your little brother, but don't pick on the dead. Haven't they suffered enough? We couldn't blame William Casey for the Iran-Contra mess and we couldn't blame Christie McAuliffe for the Challenger disaster. Please, find someone who's still breathing. Sorry America, but Dan Jansen didn't blame his dead sister. You gotta find someone alive to blame or your picture will never appear on the cover of *Wheaties*. Mary Decker was smart enough to blame Zola Budd when she tripped on her Olympic gold medal in 1984. You can find someone.

So go ahead find someone to blame—maybe a dentist's son or a bad Hollywood actor—it's inherently American to blame someone. But remember that bonus points will taken away if you can't find someone who's alive. Leave that dead guy alone!

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a veritable cornucopia of essays, reviews,  
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Get Your Act Ready and Watch for  
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Auditions March 15, 16, 22, 23,  
7:45 - 8:45

Preliminaries March 18, 19, 25, 26  
Finals April 1 & 2

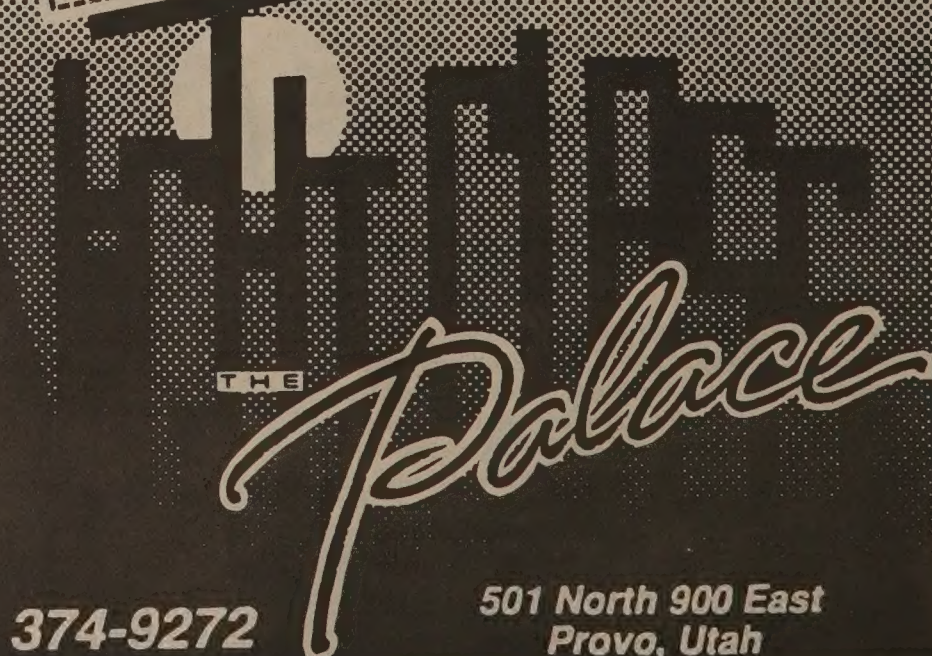
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Wednesday: Ladies Night

Saturday: College Night

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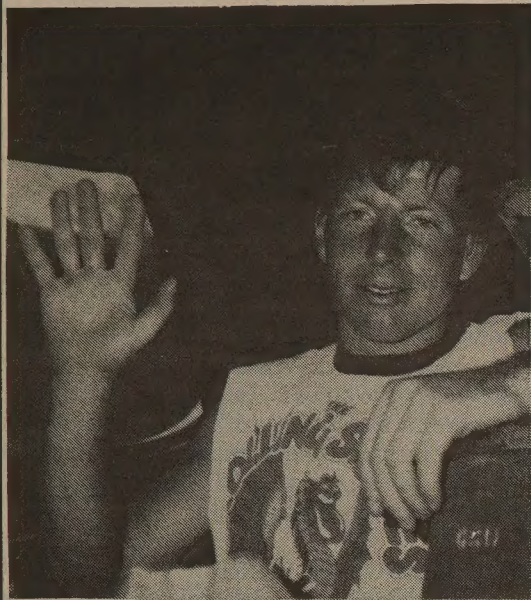




## CAMPUS LIFE

## A Non-BYU Resident Speaks Out

## On Living Off Campus



Matt Filby is an 8th semester freshman from Winnemucka, Nevada with an undeclared major. He works the swing-shift at Wendy's and serves as his ward's transportation specialist. His interests include several things.

*My parents moved while I was on my mission and left no forwarding address. They could see the convenience and economy involved. I had no choice but to return to Provo--to Deseret Towers. D.T. wouldn't let me move in just because of the piano that wound up down that elevator shaft before my mission. That's why I'm living off-campus. I love the space and freedom, and conveniences like curb-side parking and MTV. All I have to say is, 'Thanks, Mom and Dad.'*

**The Non-BYU Off-Campus Living/ Learning Experience**  
*Where College Freedom Begins*

Student Review

## Photography Contest

Starting next week *SR* will publish the best photographic submission received during the previous week. Send your best black and white photos to:

Student Review  
PO box 7092  
Provo Utah 84602

## Dance

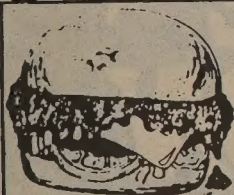
241 West Center  
8:00 pm to 1:00 am  
Saturday March 12

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**Tommy's Burger**

The Other Side of Food  
presents . . .

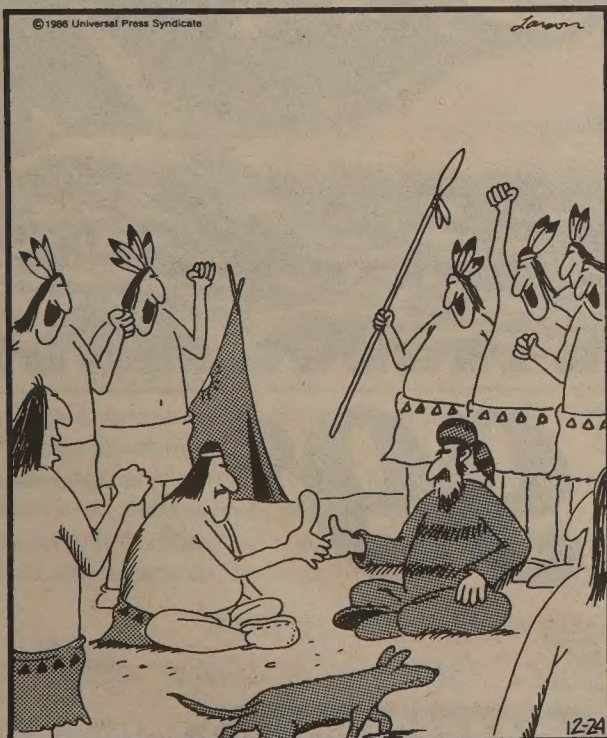
100 North  
400 West

Tommy's Chillburger with the works  
PLUS a big order of fries PLUS a Large 20 oz. drink:

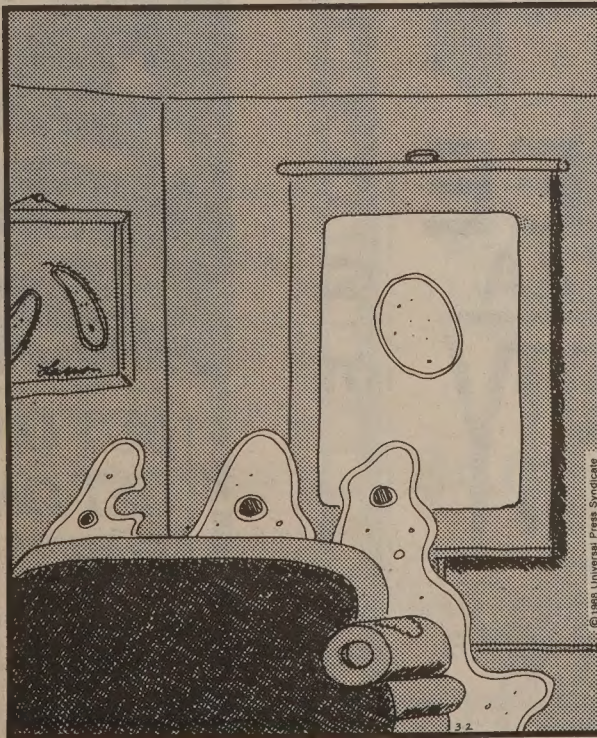
\$2.45 tax included

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



To win the tribe's respect, Jed first had to defeat their best thumb-wrestler.



"No, wait! That's not Uncle Floyd! Who is that? ... Crimony, I think it's just an air bubble!"



Like moths to a light, the neighborhood dogs were all drawn by Emile's uncontrollable and boundless fear.



## Top 20

1. President Holland's Secretary
2. Bass and Drums Duo
3. An undecided future
4. Foodstock
5. Latenight talks with friends
6. Early morning fights with enemies
7. President Benson at basketball games
8. Huish's Car Wash
9. Group therapy
10. Riding lions at the State Capitol
11. Naps in class
12. Foreign countries
13. Being a good Catholic, Jew, Mormon, etc.
14. Early spring fever
15. Olympics (in Seoul)
16. Full moons
17. Rainy Sundays
18. Truelove
19. *Blonde on Blonde*
20. 226-2743

## Bottom 10

Sunglasses indoors, Student government acronyms, glaring De Jong exit signs, funerals, broken ceramics, phlegm, self-important people, mortality, the green gunk on Karl G. Maeser, Mormon pop rock.

### CAMPUS LIFE

## The Six Joys in Life

A renowned existentialist claims there are only two Joys in life—food and music. He is wrong. There are six:

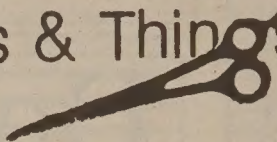
- 1) Food—What's better than Hostess twinkies, popcorn, and chocolate Shasta on a cold February morning?
- 2) Music—Could we live without Wild Cherry and Barry Manilow, without Donny Osmond and Ratt?
- 3) Sex—In theory, if not in practice.
- 4) Literature—Ask yourself, "What would I do without *Paradise Lost* and *The*

*Fairie Queen*?"

5) Athletics—How can a person watch bobsledding and figure skating without being permanently moved?

6) Chair Tilting—It only occurs during that split second when, while leaning back on a chair, the chair goes slightly past center point. Ah! The lifting of the feet, the tightening of the stomach, the jerking forward of the head—all make one feel alive, more aware of himself and others than at any other moment.

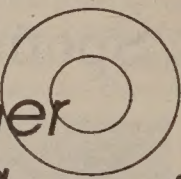
### Haircuts & Things



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Provo, Utah 84601  
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Rhea & Deborah

Super  
Summer  
Styling



### PERM & CUT

(Long Hair Extra)

\$25.00

### CUT, BLOW DRY, STYLE

(Men \$6.00)

\$8.00 reg. \$12.00

### Acrylic Nails

\$25.00

## For Inquiring Minds...

### OOPS

As most of you know, last week's Top 20 concluded with a myterious campus phone number. In an inexcusable error, SR printed President Holland's office phone number. We regret the error and any consternation it may have caused President Holland's secretary. SR intended to print his home number.

### NO MAN KNOWS THE HOUR

In a related story, Student Review may have inadvertently affected the opportunity for salvation of the BYU student body. Apparently, while several hundred students were experimenting with the number from SR's Top 20, church officials in Salt Lake were trying desperately, in vain, to reach President Holland at his office. The influx of student calls prevented officials from delivering their instructions for President Holland to direct the student body to move to Kansas City. It is unclear whether the message was related to the unfulfilled prophecy regarding the Saints gathering in Jackson County, or the upcoming NCAA basketball Final Four tournament in early April.

### SPREADING THE WORD

Upon receiving word that televangelist Jimmy Swaggart had joined Jim Bakker in the ranks of the fallen, Oral Roberts once again ascended his prayer tower to begin a vigil much like he did last spring when he needed to raise \$8 million for the ministry or perish. When asked about the nature of his confinement, Oral replied, "I'm not an unattractive man, I have my health—I'm not coming down until I can get chicks like those guys."

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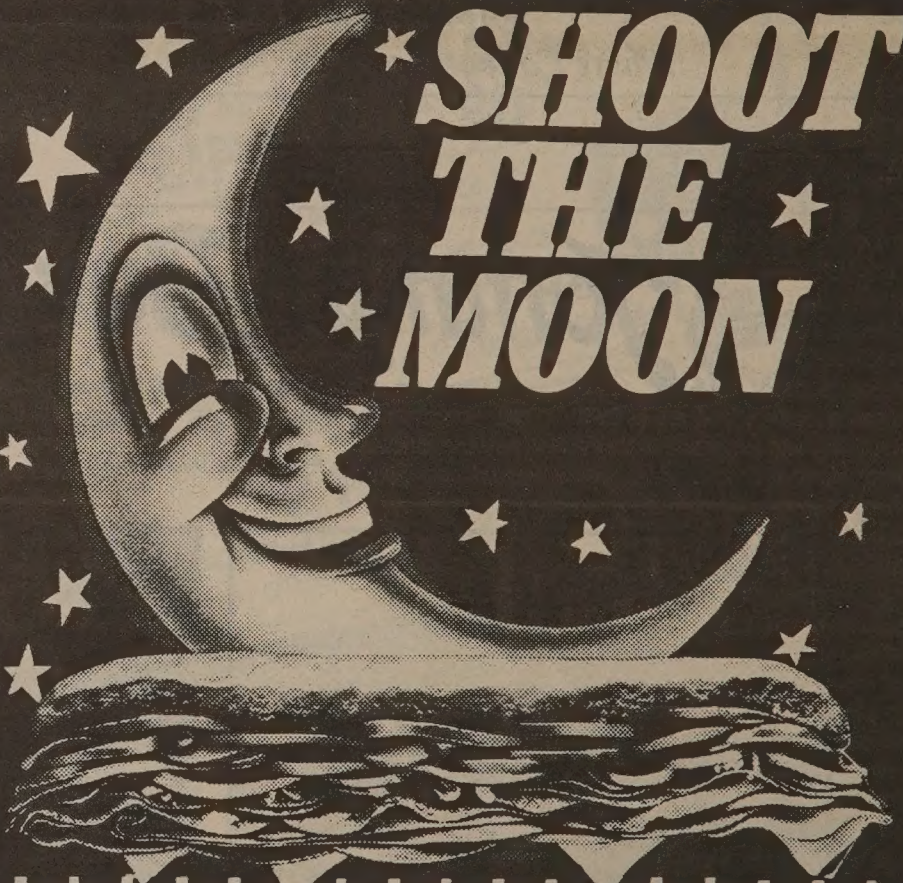
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CAMPUS LIFE

You know people a long time, but you don't know them. You stay out late with them, talking about what you want out of life, and then they do something stupid, something you can't figure.

Jerry and I went back a long ways. We were on the rowing team in high school, we roomed all through college. Girls have always liked him—ever since he started wearing rugby shirts at fifteen, discovering fencing and skeet shooting the next year. He was the only guy I knew in high school that collected old *Esquires*, and who had a room full of water buffalo and zebra trophies his father sent back from Africa. When people asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up, he'd always say he was going to be a corporate executive like his dad. He'd marry the daughter of some down-and-out nobleman, pay off his debts, get into the family.

Girls liked to be around him. At BYU his teeth were still white and his forehead high and being around him you caught on quick that he was only marking his time before he left everything we knew behind. When he'd come in from rowing on Fridays he'd call a girl to go into Salt Lake with him. It could have been any girl—he told me it didn't matter, he was waiting for someone who had been sent by her reactionary father to be raised in a mission by nuns. He wanted someone who, for all she knew, the world was flat, and if you dug far enough you'd be in China.

Jerry was away for the weekend when Louise stopped by. She slammed on the door with her open hand, holding a bag of bread sticks with the other. When I opened the door, she demanded to know where Jer was, saying that he'd promised to take her into Salt Lake for the day. "He's gone," I said, hoping she would leave. She had dark eyes that made me mad, that said "I don't want to see you, I want to see Jer." She had a prominent chin that she kept pointing at me, making me squirm. She stomped with the heel of her boot and turned and walked down our steps. She didn't seem like the kind of girl you would match with Jerry.

I told Jerry about Louise the next day. He stopped what he was doing and looked at me, like a little boy. "Oh, she's in my community development seminar," he said.

That was the last I saw of him for weeks. Usually up before dawn, he started sleeping in late, and staying out late.

# Mistakes

Short Fiction by Gary Burgess

He'd come home, I'd hear him undressing in the dark, and I'd ask him where he'd been. With Louise, he'd say. How are things going? Fine, he'd say. Then things started popping up in our room and I started to worry. A dog cut out of tree bark, a bag of llama feed, tufts of grass woven together to spell "Welcome." I came home one day and a string of beads was hanging from his bookcase, with a note tied on the end. Someone had written "fire and water have I none, but of what I have I give thee."

Then one morning, before it was light out, I was cooking my breakfast. I like my eggs and bacon before I can see anything outside the window except the streetlights. When no one's up yet, when it's quiet. I was standing over a frying pan when I heard a low humming from my bedroom. It was Jerry. He cleared his throat a few times, picked up the song again. I placed it as a Gaelic folk tune, the melody sounding faintly like "How Great Thou Art." I heard the humming grow louder, as he turned two corners and walked into the kitchen. I had corduroys and a brown cable knit on, and I was still cold. He was in his garments. He walked over to the window and began forming words.

He sang about a woman who had a home on the Irish Sea, whose husband was killed by highway robbers on the way to market. She mourned for a year until an old lady came by and gave her some seeds to plant in her garden. The seeds were red and hard in her hand as she felt their weight when the old lady left. After a storm one day, she was feeling sad again, so she went out into her garden and planted the seeds. That night, she woke up to find a man standing in her garden—it was her husband. He said she would need to live for a few years before the sea could claim her, before her body could be washed away. Like it or not,

she would need to make the most of the next few years.

Jerry went back into his room and got dressed. It was crazy, it was all crazy what was happening. When I heard a knock at the door, I knew it was Louise, and when she walked in I felt a fear for Jerry I didn't know how to justify. She was wearing a summer dress with big flowers on it, and a smile that said she had what she wanted. Jerry saw her in the hallway, and held his breath. Walking over to her, he pulled the hair from off the back of her neck and blew on it, saying "I've been saving that air for you, honey." She smiled and pulled leaves out of her pocket. Like an old ritual, Jerry bent over and she rubbed the leaves between her hands, letting the dry pieces fall over his neck.

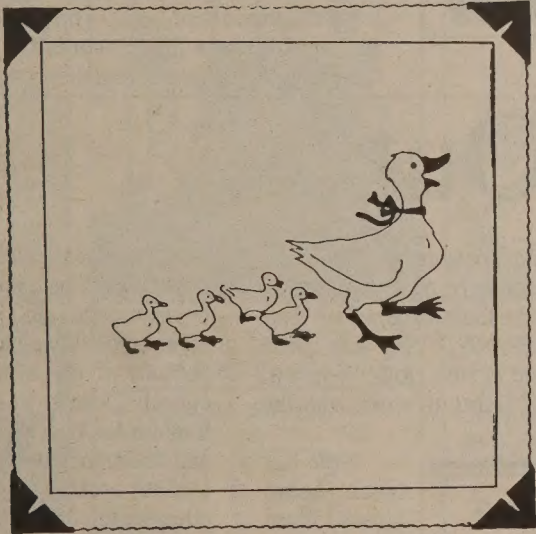
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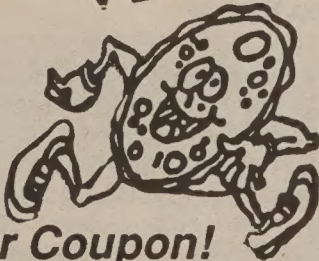
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# EDITORIAL PAGE

## Public Repentance—How to Repent on the Rameuptum

by Russell Fox

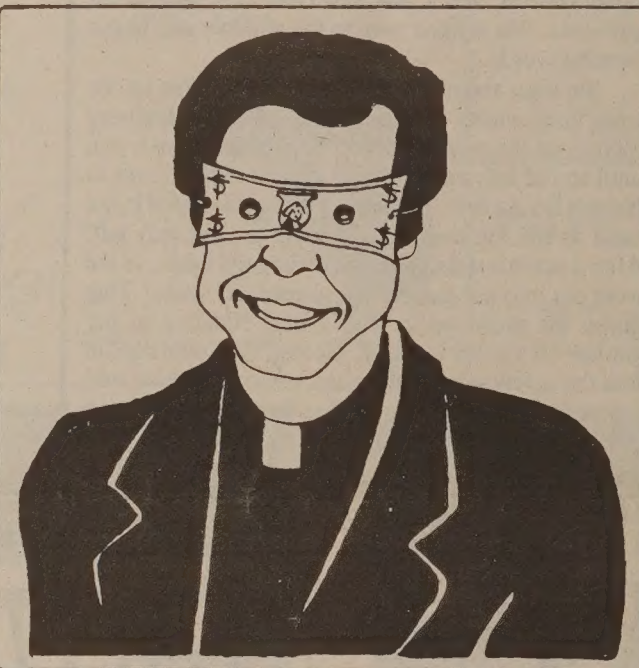
Only a few months have passed since we last heard about the Jim and Tammy Bakker show, and as long as Jessica Hahn remained in the Playboy Mansion (becoming Hugh Hefner's new steady) and television crews were tired of showing us Tammy's make-up running, we were glad to let the whole impossible tale of PTL's greed corruption and immorality fade out of our minds. Now it almost seems as though we won't be allowed to forget about it. Jimmy Swaggart, a rock-n-roll, fire and brimstone Baton Rouge televangelist who brings in \$150 million dollars a year (many times the size of Jim and Tammy's comparatively meager empire), and a man who called Jim Bakker a "cancer on the body of Christ," has been temporarily booted from the Assemblies of God. The reason? A former Assemblies of God preacher who was defrocked after Swaggart in the company of a prostitute. Testimony has confirmed this, with witnesses calling Swaggart the worst kind of pervert.

We chuckle. Ha ha ha. What fun. It is, I admit, very satisfying to see things like this happen. After all, we are confident in the knowledge that these people are deluded, missing the true Gospel, and we take unseemly delight in the revelation of their foibles. We always knew they were nutty; we always identified them with the false prophets and false Christs foretold for the last days. Seeing them fall seems to us the epitome of just desserts.

Still, Jim Bakker said God had forgiven him, and asked why we couldn't do the same. Could we? Would we? Could we be Christ-like, give them the benefit of the doubt, not throw the first stone and say "go thy way, and sin no more?" Sometimes I think we prefer a nightly-news sort of attitude—arrogantly overseeing all, stating the facts with a carefully, but non completely, hidden smirk. Do we deny the right of repentance to anyone who is not a member of the Church? Is that fair?

Of course, there is real reason behind this reaction. When a man goes on national television to declare a sin, we are

probably correct in thinking we see a hypocritical confessor rather than a truly penitent individual. We know the steps of true repentance: a repentant—broken and contrite—spirit, confession to proper priesthood authorities, restitution and a determination to abstain from the sin forever afterward. Too many televangelists seem to hold to a new-fangled interpretation of the ancient—and mostly apostate—doctrine of penance: let me cry on national TV, let the world (or at least my flock) see how I feel about the whole nasty affair, and let me continue to do my work. My ministry does so much good, after all. That's what Jim Bakker essentially said, and if Jimmy Swaggart does end up breaking off from the Assemblies of God and starting his own independent ministry, that's



SR art by Julie Bell

what he'll be saying too. Such an act is the equivalent of Zoramite repentance, and we know full well how effective that really is.

But even if Swaggart's weeping on stage in Baton Rouge was fraudulent repentance, let us consider the heart of the matter; were those real tears? I cannot sympathize with Jim Bakker paying hush money to Jessica Hahn to keep quiet; I can, however, sympathize with the feelings that led him to do so. How hard is it to come back from sin? Very difficult, as many of us know from sad experience. The temptation to hide it, to sweep it under the rug, is nearly overwhelming. How hard is it for them to admit their sin, to stand up to it? How can we, safe and secure in Provo, see inside their hearts, and know what shape they're really in?

What am I really trying to say? Granted, many men that go on television to sing and dance and preach and pass the plate are searching more for loot than love. But there are still Billy Graham, Robert Schuller, and many others. Anyone who listens to them consistently will realize just how far off base, from a restored gospel perspective, they are—and should also realize how sincere a few of the evangelists are. Jerry Falwell does not have priesthood authority, but he does have the Bible, and he does have some notion of what Christianity is all about. And he does not do it injustice. Should we do injustice to them? I can make jokes about Oral Robert's prayer tower as well as anyone, but I'm not very comfortable doing so anymore. There is nothing wrong (indeed, there can only be right) in seeing where the evangelists have gone wrong, and teaching men to come truly unto Christ rather than renting their televised one. There isn't even anything wrong with being fearful of these men if we believe they are using their power for ill. But there is wrong in deriding all their attempts of repentance. Let us cast out our own sins before we condemn others, whether they have tiny moles or huge beams in their eyes. After all, all men have the right to be sorry and mend their ways. The play "Hamlet" taught us that. And if only these men's words fly up, with their thoughts remaining below, well, it is their problem, not ours.

## Dole: An Insider Steps Out

by Mason Barlow

"Who's best to carry on the Reagan Revolution?" That question frames the debate in the Republican race for the White House and symbolizes the president's wealth of grass root support that the candidates are hoping to inherit. George Bush and Bob Dole, who eight years ago found their campaigns beached, now swim faithfully in the Reagan political current. Examining the two G.O.P. front runners, Bush and Dole hold similar positions on most issues and have experienced similar conversions to Reaganism. Thus, issues of character, leadership, and electability have become paramount. In this contest, Bob Dole wins with one hand tied behind his back.

An understanding of Bob Dole's character requires a brief personal history. Dole served in the infantry on the Italian Front where he sustained mortar injury that paralyzed him and left him in the hospital for thirty-nine months. Despite pessimistic doctors who more than once told him that he would not live, Dole recovered all his functions save his right arm. Raised by an economically stressed family in Russell, Kansas, the people of Russell raised the money for his medical bills, creating a bond between Dole and his hometown. After

four years in the Kansas state legislature, he became county attorney of Russell where he had the awkward duty of approving welfare payments to his grandparents. He served in the House of Representatives from 1961 to 1967 and has since served in the U.S. Senate. Gerald Ford chose him as a running-mate in

1976 and ran an understandably unsuccessful presidential campaign in 1980. He was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee from 1981-85 and is now the Republican minority leader.

There is no question that Bob Dole has lived a tough life. Throughout life he has exhibited an ability to overcome obstacles and rebound from defeat. He understands the common man and the implications of war, having experienced both first hand. In 1984 he founded the Dole Foundation for Employment of Persons with Disabilities which raises over \$1 million annually. His background has made him less concerned with ideology than with pragmatism, reflected by

his ability to build consensus. For these qualities and personal respect, his Senate peers chose him to be their leader. Said Rep. Marge Roukema (R-NJ), "You won't find high-blown rhetoric in Bob Dole. You will find charm and an ability to work with the issues."

*His autonomous nature and straight talk make him appealing to independents and conservative Democrats, key constituencies in the Reagan landslides.*

representative of useless broad generalities such as "strong defense," "full employment," and "strong economy." Dole does not see issues as black and white, but rather as complex and intrinsically connected to political realities. His "hands-on" management style and despise for incompetence reflect his background of self-dependence and personal accountability.

How do these qualities translate for a Dole Administration? His willingness to fire staffers for incompetence and unethical be-

Dole has taken some blows from his opponents for his pragmatic thinking and his "lack of vision." Dole considers "vision" to be a political catch-word

havior has been exhibited in the past and no doubt would be continued. In this type of environment, an Iran-Contra debacle would probably never have occurred. The policies of the administration would be entirely Dole's, tolerating no secrets behind his back. Reagan's loyalty to friends and willingness to delegate on policy matters has created a fertile environment for ethical violations, despite Reagan's own personal integrity. In short, a Dole administration would reflect personal qualities of pragmatism, straight-laced ethics, and competence.

Dole's relationship with Congress will enhance his legislative prospects as president. Look only to the historical precedent of another Senate leader, Lyndon Johnson, who passed more bills in his first one hundred days than John F. Kennedy did in three years. As the Republican Senate leader, Dole knows every member of Congress personally and has built up large amounts of political capital. Since Watergate and the Vietnam War, a rift of distrust has existed between the legislative and executive branches that has hurt the unanimity of our nation's foreign policy. Dole could restore that trust and allow American foreign policy to

please see **Dole** on page 10



# God and Man at Georgetown

by William Grigg

Since the emergence of the "Religious Right" during the late 1970's, concern about the integrity of the "wall of separation" between Church and State has become a cottage industry. Civil Libertarians conduct "creche patrols" during Christmas season and fret about the political influence of Jerry Falwell. Less attention has been paid to the fact that the wall of separation exists not only to protect the State from religious encroachment, but also to protect religious institutions from the state. A recent controversy involving Georgetown University — a Catholic School in Washington, D.C.— provides an example of how the language of Civil rights has been used to subvert the Constitutional protection of religious institutions.

The Supreme Court recently refused to grant Georgetown a stay of compliance from a decision rendered by the Washington, D.C. Court of Appeals. That decision requires that Georgetown provide a gay students organization — the Gay People of Georgetown University (GPGU) — with certain "tangible benefits" to which it had been denied. Georgetown contended that by providing such access it would be endorsing an activity which is contrary to its religious values; accordingly, the University cited the "free exercise" clause of the first amendment in its defense. This was more than an argument over paperclips; the issue was the recognition prerogative of a religious institution. In its decision, the D.C. appeals court delivered this astounding declaration: "The District of Columbia's compelling interest in the eradication of sexual orientation discrimination outweighs any burden imposed upon Georgetown's exercise of religion by the forced equal provision of tangible

benefits." The statute at the heart of the controversy is the "D.C. Human Rights Act," an omnibus anti-discrimination law forbidding discrimination based upon "the race, color, religion, national origin, sex, age, marital status, sexual orientation, family responsibilities, political affiliation, source of income, or physical handicap of any individual." The law defines "sexual orientation" as "male or female."



SR art by Julie Bell  
male homosexuality, heterosexuality, or bisexuality." In its ruling, the D.C. appeals court drew a razor-thin distinction: it maintained that the University didn't have to endorse the GPGU, but that it did have to provide it with equal access to "tangible benefits." A clearer rendering would be, "you don't have to approve of the group, but you do have to subsidize it." Georgetown University employs a three-tiered system of recognition. The first level involves recognition by the student body; at the second level, a group is recom-

mended for official endorsement by the University. At the third level a group is eligible for access to university funds and other benefits. The GPGU had already achieved the first level of recognition and had received some material assistance— such as access to meeting rooms and the use of school bulletin boards. However, the Administration was unwilling to provide the GPGU with further recognition and assistance because it considered such gestures to constitute a form of subsidy and, therefore, an endorsement of the group. The D.C. Appeals Court acknowledged that the first amendment provides protection from compelled endorsement of political or religious groups; accordingly, the court dissolved what it described as an "artificial connection" between the delivery of tangible benefits associated with the highest level of recognition and an endorsement of the GPGU. Regarding the GPGU, the D.C. Court of Appeals simply rewrote Georgetown's recognition policy. Georgetown received some help from a seemingly unlikely source: an amicus brief was filed on their behalf by Arthur Spitzer of the D.C. branch of the ACLU. Spitzer broke ranks with the national ACLU, which sided with the GPGU. In his brief, Spitzer contended that it was not the sexual orientation of the group that troubled Georgetown, but rather the purpose of the organization: it was designed to promote activities which run contrary to the values of the Catholic university. He used this example: suppose a group of Georgetown students organized a wife-swapping club and petitioned for university recognition. Georgetown would refuse, not because of the sexual preference or the marital status of the students involved (discrimination based upon marital status is also forbidden by the Human Rights Act), but because recognition of the group would lead to the subsidy of an activity that the University considers to be abhorrent. Spitzer's analogy was based upon moral parity between homosexuality and heterosexuality and was intended to provide a "value-neutral" framework for Georgetown's defense. Spitzer explained that his hope had been that the D.C. Appeals

please see **Georgetown** on page 10

## Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

THE OUTSIDER POURED IT ON.  
IT'S TIME TO SHAKE UP THE STATUS QUO IN THIS COUNTRY!

I WANT TO BE KNOWN AS THE INSURGENT PRESIDENT! COME 1989, WE'RE GOING TO SEND THE POLITICAL ESTABLISHMENT PACKING!

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DON'T WORRY, SON. I'LL MAKE A FEW CALLS.

GEE, THANKS, MR. OUTSIDER!

AS THE OUTSIDER SPOKE, A BAND OF 30 MORE DESPERADOS QUIETLY SHUFFLED INTO TOWN.

"DON'T BE ALARMED," SAID THE OUTSIDER REASSURINGLY... THESE PEOPLE SUPPORT MY INSURGENT AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT!

THE TOWNSFOLK WERE HESITANT.

TOUGH-LOOKIN' BUNCH OF HOMBRES...

WHO ARE THEY?

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS!

NEXT: WILL THE MEMBERS TAKE THE LAW INTO THEIR OWN HANDS?

THE OUTSIDER SHOWED UP NEXT AT THE LOCAL STOP 'N' SHOP.

GOOD TO SEE YA! GOOD TO SEE YA!

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## EDITORIAL PAGE

**Georgetown** from page 9

Court would not rule upon the first amendment question, which would provide a constitutional issue for the Supreme Court. Spitzer described the decision as the result of a desire to "throw a bone to the gay community." He expressed concern that the decision could possibly result in a net loss for gay rights if the decision is reversed by the Supreme Court. The Georgetown faculty is considering whether or not to make a formal appeal to the Supreme Court.

The most remarkable facet of this controversy is the fact that a local appeals court could declare the free exercise clause of the first amendment expendable — at least, within the borders of the People's Republic of D.C. Civil Libertarians should be warned:

this is the type of thing that would have happened in "Robert Bork's America." The Georgetown case illustrates the fact that fundamental constitutional rights can be subverted just as easily by the left in the name of "equality" as from the right in the name of "order."

**Dole** from page 7

speak with one voice again. The nation needs a rest from outsiders like Carter and Reagan who effectively struck populist chords in running against the Washington establishment, but failed to understand how to make Washington work upon winning the White House.

In terms of electability in the Fall, Bob Dole is viewed as the strongest candidate of

both parties. His autonomous nature and straight-talk makes him appealing to independents and conservative Democrats, key constituencies in the Reagan landslides. His humble roots and compassion for the disadvantaged also strengthens his appeal. His personable wife, Elizabeth Hanford Dole, served as Secretary of Transportation in the Reagan Administration and is also seen as an asset to the campaign with her southern ties. In a poll (Time, February 29), 39% of Democratic voters said they would consider voting for Dole, while Bush only received 26%. Democrats also rated Dole the stronger

firm up a pro-life majority on the Court, the risk is too great to nominate George Bush.

Dole is in a position to expand the Republican party through his wide spread appeal on the grass roots level. It is no secret that the powerful Robertson coalition, new-born in the political process, would sooner support Dole than Bush. He also hopes to break up the Democratic monopoly of the "compassion" issue. Dole's ability to build coalitions and appeal to wide ranges of people will move the Republican party toward majority status and do more to continue the Reagan Revolution at this point in its development than all the candidates' high-blown rhetoric combined.

Finally, Republicans have to realize that the Revolution cannot continue much longer while the deficit is given a blind eye, and the public lacks confidence in the integrity of government appointees. Though an appealing candidate, Jack Kemp fails to recognize the seriousness of the deficit and its potential to cripple Republican credibility on economic issues. Bob Dole characterizes the deficit as "public enemy #1" and has promised to work with Congress to put a freeze on spending, eliminate wasteful programs, and secure a line item veto. To bring freedom and peace to Central America and keep the hope of strategic defense alive will require a president with good relations with Congress. Bob Dole knows how Congress operates, has the "toughness" to lead, and would be the strongest candidate in the general election. Who could better fortify the gains, patch up the short-comings, and move forward the revolution that Ronald Reagan began eight years ago?

*The nation needs a rest  
from outsiders like  
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who failed to  
understand how to  
make Washington work  
upon winning the  
White House*

G.O.P. candidate over Bush by a 51% to 39% margin. With those types of figures, Dole would clearly cripple Democratic chances of winning the White House.

Furthermore, Bush would carry the political baggage handed to him by the Iran-Contra fiasco that the Democrats would no doubt try to exploit. With the probable opportunity at stake for the next president to nominate another Supreme court justice and

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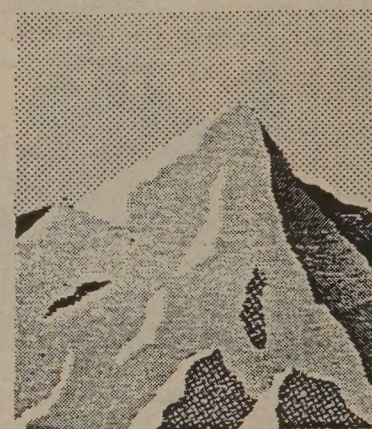
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ARTS & LEISURE

Grace walks home from the pool the long way, through the snow. Tonight the children could not keep their heads up. They don't understand, thinking like they do, how to float. They need not move.

Grace has shown them many times. She has stretched out like a flag until she's weightless. But the children have many fears, some of the water, and some of other things, and it seems that nothing like that will ever be necessary.

This morning Grace took all the polish off her nails and threw the bottles into the trash. When Abbey asked what she was doing, Grace said she didn't have time to paint her nails any more. But Grace has felt for some time that she has to get rid of things she used to do. Her hands feel like a child's now.

When Abbey moved into Grace's apartment, she brought magazines. Suddenly there were pretty things all over the place. Abbey's perfume, Abbey's clothes, Abbey. Grace believes Abbey is like everything she owns. Perfectly composed.

Grace needs to emulate. She is in love with Alden. Alden comes to dinner and they talk about what happens. About the day, about the past, about the future. While they eat they sit by the window and watch the wind move through the trees the contractor planted last year when the apartments were built.

"I took the children to the zoo yesterday," Grace says. The children belong to an activity center. Grace teaches them swimming, first aid, archery, everything she can think of. It's beginning to wear her out.

"Which zoo?" Alden asks.  
"The one in the park," she says.  
"Did you show them the monkeys?" Alden asks, taking a swallow of his drink.  
"The monkeys are the best part."

"No," Grace says. "There was an armadillo in the bird building that looked sick. It was upside down in its cage."

Alden looks at Grace and pushes his hair back. "I'm going to be promoted," he says. "To Los Angeles."

Grace cuts the skin off her chicken one piece at a time and sets it on the rim of her plate. "Congratulations," she says.

"It's not until March," he says. "March or April."

Grace looks out the window and folds her napkin. "Well, that's great," she says.

Short Fiction

Wings

by Laura Rhoton



SR Art by Brian Kuberycz

"That's what you wanted, isn't it?"  
"Yes," he says.  
"Well," she says. "I'm sure we can still see each other. It's not that far."  
"Of course," he says. He smiles weakly. He doesn't owe her anything.

Grace stands up. "Congratulations," she says again. She moves her chair up against the table, sets her dishes in the sink, and flips on the overhead light. He wants her to be irresistible. She sees that now. "It looks like it might snow," she says.

Alden looks out the window and nods. He sits back from his emptied plate and watches her.

"I'm going to be late for swimming," Grace says. "I have to go." She turns the water off and puts her hands in her pockets, sure that it will snow before she gets there.

"You can still come for dinner," she says. "I'm not saying that." Someone outside is starting a motorcycle over and over again.

"Good," he says. "I was hoping you weren't."

"I'll see you tomorrow, then," she says.

\*\*\*

When he's gone, she puts all the dishes into the water and leaves a light on for Abbey, remembering the party Lowell threw last August, a swimming party, to which Grace wore a yellow bathing suit. It was a going-away party for Lowell, whom Grace would have called her best friend, and still would, perhaps, although it seems like a long time ago now. Grace kissed Lowell's fiance in the garage at the party. Grace didn't know they were engaged—they didn't announce it until later that night, when the guests were all there—and Grace stood in the kitchen with Lowell after the announcement and watched her mix the drinks.

"I'm going to miss you, Grace," she said. "I'm going to miss you so much."

Grace said she felt the same way. The kitchen was suffocating. She stood a few feet from Lowell, who was twisting a thin chain around her neck, the one with the tiny gold bird.

"Look, Grace," she'd said when she brought it home from the carnival. "The wings move on hinges."

"Promise me something," Lowell said. "Promise me you'll write." She looked at Grace.

Grace nodded.

Then she stood by the window and told Lowell what happened. She told Lowell it was something she would always regret and she didn't understand why she did it. "I'm so sorry," she said.

Lowell stood at the sink and poured lime mixer, gallons and gallons of it, down the disposal.

After the party, long after the guests had gone, Lowell and Grace got drunk. With their hair soaked in gin and water, they swam nude in the deep end. As Grace slipped from wall to wall in the dark, her face cresting like a gull, Lowell jumped from the board with a bottle in her hand. The glass broke on Grace's forehead as she turned her face to breathe.

Lowell clung to the side of the pool with her knees pulled up like a fist and cried. "I didn't see you," she said. "I didn't see you."

Grace swam to the steps and watched the blood stream into the water. Her face turned away from Lowell, she pulled the glass from her hair and watched it sink to the bottom of the pool.

In the pictures Grace has of the party, Lowell is sitting slightly out of focus with one thin arm on Grace's shoulder.

\*\*\*

"We live in a floating world," the Buddhists say.

As Grace walks the grocery aisles, she tries to remember Alden's favorite food. There are slogans everywhere, something she is increasingly aware of. She sees them

Squeeze Does Salt Lake

by Mary Kunkel and Marci Tolman

Bravely missing this year's Grammy Awards last Wednesday, we packed up the car and headed for Salt Lake. The kind folks at Symphony Hall had widened their horizons—stepped the extra mile—went whole hog; they reserved a night for the British band, Squeeze.

Squeeze, on their "Babylon and On" tour, had planned to open the Salt Lake date with the east coast's "10,000 Maniacs." Their plans were foiled when "Saturday Night Live" snatched up the Maniacs just five days earlier. Instead, we got the poor man's Springsteen, Peter Dinklage. Mildly entertaining, this Minneapolis dude played his little heart out. But we couldn't see past his uncontrolled keyboardist, who had the music in him beyond a shadow of

a doubt. Maybe he was casting evil spells. Who knows?

Squeeze came out on stage dressed in black, and got right down to business with the first determined chord of "Pulling Muscles from a Shell." A paragon of guitar talent, Glenn Tolbrook's singing was certainly nothing to sneeze at. And Chris Difford provided a nice balance with his scratchy, unassuming singing style.

After their peppy introduction came a string of three songs from their new LP. Difford and Tolbrook's "Trust Me To Open My Mouth" and "8535937" left us hooting for more.

Jools Holland kept up the pace with his rolling "Heat of the Night." He looked "cool for cats" in his five-gallons-short-of-a-ten-gallon hat, and when he wasn't squeezing unbelievable sounds from his playful, Vaudvillian piano, he was bopping

about the stage, winning fans and influencing patrons. More charm than we could shake a stick at.

Our personal favorites that followed were "Good-bye Girl," "Take Me I'm Yours," and "Is that Love?" They finished with a kicking performance of the ever-popular "Black Coffee in Bed."

We knew they wouldn't stay away. After the crowd worked itself into a frenzy, Squeeze came back on stage and offered up a well-chosen encore. They promised dancing for all as they slid into their Top-40 hit, "Hourglass," and ended the show perfectly with "Tempted."

The combined talent of these blokes gives their music a pleasingly ordered sound. The studio-stage transition seems natural. Next tour, go see for yourself. What else can we say? You gotta' love them.

please see **Wings**  
on page 14



# Whence Cometh (and Goeth) Student Review?

by Russell Fox

*Professor Don Norton of the English Dept. has kept an eye out for (and on) student publications and has been involved with a few over the years. I spoke to him about Student Review, and where it fits in, in terms of quality and purpose; and about the (occasionally) glorious history of student publications here at BYU:*

**SR:** What is the history of student publications at BYU?

**DN:** Quite a few that have come and gone—starting with a homespun project by Don Oldham back in 1960, called "Zion"—something. There's been others, good ones in fact: the original *Monday Magazine* by then *Universe* editor Paul Toscano, *Century II* by Steve Persanti (who spent literally hundreds of hours bringing it off), *Seventh East Press*, *Insight*, and so on.

**SR:** What can you find common in all these publications?

**DN:** Usually, these publications are simply extensions of a personality—a responsible, able, vigorous and hard working personality. The problem is that these publications often get into the wrong hands when that one person moves on—the hands of some malcontents on campus who see the publication as a soapbox and have it in for the administration, the Church, the *Daily Universe*, *Happy Valley*, or life in general. And then usually the publication does something really dumb, which sets the community against it—the university, Church authorities, the faculty, and responsible voices in the general student body. And that's the end of it.

**SR:** Where does *Student Review* fit in with all this?

**DN:** The *Student Review* was, in the beginning, very properly motivated. Roger Leishman was brilliant and well intentioned;

and his main motivation stemmed from the fact that there was no place on campus where students could express certain opinions. The *Universe* is largely a class workshop—and for what it is, it's well done. But it's a symptom, not a "cause." You get on campus a certain amount of reluctance to look hard at many important issues—not many students are willing to accept that challenge.

**SR:** What about the content of *Student Review*?

**DN:** Given its resources, its limitations, it's quite well done. Some of the stuff is outstanding. The Leisure section's calendar is wonderfully useful to students. I'd like to see a little more consistently high-quality content—much of it has tended to become quite adolescent. I would get rid of "Doonesbury."

**SR:** Why?

**DN:** I think it's an "obscene" cartoon. I don't care what your politics are, it's simply profane—cynical, negative, and hence irresponsible. I don't think it has any place in there.

**SR:** About being responsible—why shouldn't *Student Review* be relaxed, irresponsible? Why shouldn't it be an outlet for frivolity, for satire?

**DN:** That's a very adolescent stance—no one has the right to be irresponsible—unless they're willing to pay a price for it. I

guess that's what bothers me most about some of the articles in there. Too often they're irresponsible; the writers haven't done their homework. They deal with issues they haven't really thought about, taking stances that are but impulses of the mind, extensions too often of their own appetites,

stand the issues and who take enormous pride in expressing themselves. Or have different people approach an issue differently at the same time—a printed debate where a reader can come to an informed conclusion about things, a running dialogue over several issues so readers can work things out. Usually you just get a one-time Pro/Con, and that doesn't solve anything. There's no chance for rebuttal or reconsideration.

**SR:** Do you think the "faithful publication" premise has stood up? Or have there been problems?

**DN:** I think generally it has. Oh, every once in a while you have a kind of irreverent or slightly cynical or critical tone.

**SR:** Well, how cynical can one become before one starts doing damage to the BYU community?

**DN:** Any kind of cynicism says more about the producer than the writer. I don't think there's any room for cynicism. What's funny about this is there are some topics that could be dealt with irreverently (yet in a very sacred way), because there are some things going on around here that need to be exposed. This campus is not above reproach, by any means, and there are gentle and humorous and charitable ways that we could be reminded of our responsibilities and weaknesses, and laugh at ourselves. But students deal with issues cynically, not in a happily irreverent way, but sort of a cynically profane way—I don't think there's a place for that.

(At this point, Professor Norton and I launched into a discussion of what exactly needs to be exposed. Though off the record, it included teaching styles, textbooks, streaking, leadership vs. management, student irresponsibility, and Hugh Nibley's insights on all of the above..)



their own shortcomings. Scratch an anti-Church intellectual and usually you're dealing with some kind of sin, often moral, you know? These people are not fair-minded and reflective. They haven't carefully considered all aspects of the issues. They come off half-cocked. I don't think there's a place for that.

**SR:** What can editors do to get the better articles, to avoid the "high school" stuff?

**DN:** Well, you have to identify on campus those voices, those people who HAVE done their homework, who under-



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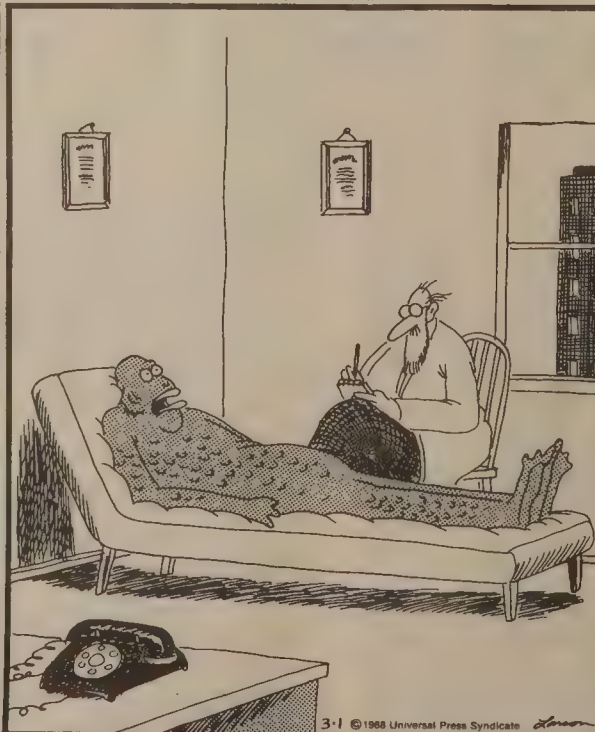
**\$2.45** tax included

THE FAR SIDE

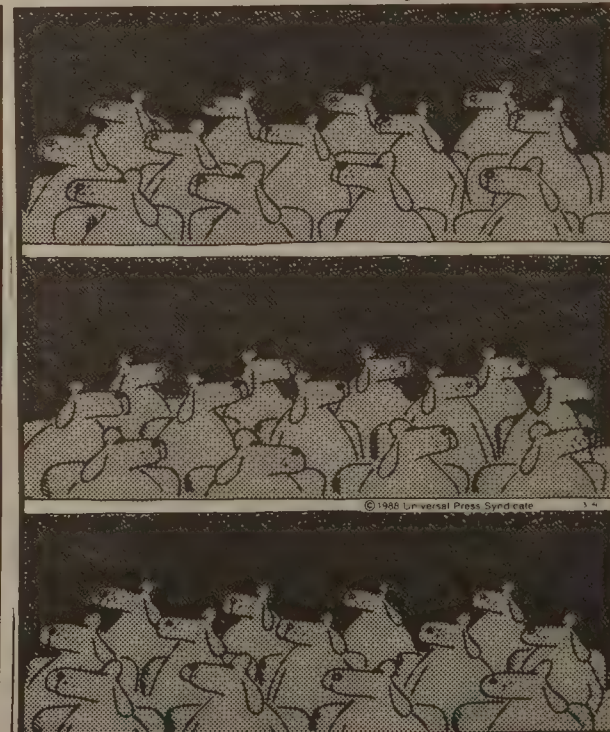
By GARY LARSON



"Green blood? I hate green blood."



"Sure, I'm a creature — and I can accept that ... but lately it seems I've been developing into a miserable creature."



At the popular dog film, "Man Throwing Sticks."



## Foodstock And Upcoming Revelries

by Gary Burgess

Some interesting things are happening. Last Friday night a big dumpster in the Cougar eat was filled with canned sweet corn, refried beans, pie filling, peaches, and soups of all varieties. It was the "Food" in "Foodstock," the musical finale for BYU's 1988 Peace Symposium.

Foodstock featured a number of folk, rock and jazz bands playing for a crowd gathered in the Cougar eat until around midnight. There was dancing, and a lot of interest among the crowds in the variety of musical acts on stage. Foodstock was not only in benefit of a SR Art by Consuela Peterson cause students seldom find themselves actively concerned with, but it also provided an entertainment format new and innovative for our campus. The low-key approach, with many of the lyrics dealing specifically with issues of peace, were a welcome alternative to what normally is offered for entertainment in the Cougar eat.

That was on March 4. Another alternative is in the works for Monday, March 21. An open party at the Backstage Cafe will feature various musical groups ranging from

members of Synthesis doing the jazz that makes them favorites around here, to Bill Hayes doing his choreographed version of "They Could Be Giants." Readings of poetry, short personal essays and prose, as well as dramatic monologues, skits and comedy acts will be featured alongside the jazz, folk and rock ballads. The Monday night will re-



volve around talent and creativity in all forms.

This too will be a benefit, not for the hungry this time, but for *In-scape*, BYU's creative writing magazine.

For the entertainment, the open bar, and the all-you-can-eat vegetable platter, visitors will be asked to contribute \$2.00 at the door. Funds will go towards editing and publishing the next issue of *In-scape*, which will feature short stories, poetry, art and personal essays written by BYU students. *In-scape* regularly places in national contests for the quality of its publication, and hopes to continue this trend in the future by fostering writing talent among BYU students.

## Review's Reviews

*A Night in the Life of Jimmy Reardon* ★★ --River Phoenix, Ann Magnuson, Meredith Salenger, Ione Skye

What looks like an innocent coming-of-age comedy is actually an obscene view of teenage sexuality—pungently repelling, as if Snow White were to seduce Jack the Ripper.

The plot centers around Jimmy's ambition to go to Hawaii in a pipe-dream attempt to be near his girl, who is going there for college. Jimmy must raise a certain amount of money in one night in order to buy a plane ticket. In the process—less than 36 hours altogether—he has sex with two different partners and attempts it several times with a third. Mr. Reardon is vigorous indeed, but alas, at the crucial moment his virility wanes.

According to the producers, *Jimmy Reardon* is about "the perils of adolescence and the rocky road to maturity." Yet, by taking up this subject in the manner it does, the story only makes the road more perilous and rocky for young audiences by selling them such a destructive way of life.

Jimmy is a thoroughly despicable boy—licentious and obscene, presumptuous and self-centered. He faces some important moral and ethical decisions, but is too preoccupied with his own erotic obsessions to notice. He offends nearly every person in the story, and in the end only his morally destitute father embraces him; they are just alike, a vile heritage.

The advertising does not accurately represent the nature of this film. It is purveyed

as a comedy but is actually a very dark and nihilistic tragedy. The movie is truly pernicious—that man's nature is basically corrupt and unchangeable.

Worst of all is the film's vulgarity. Intimate fondling is treated with the casualness of hand-holding; deviant sexual practices bordering on rape are openly suggested; and intercourse between an adult and a minor is shown.

*Jimmy Reardon* is rated R for sex, sexual suggestion, vulgarity, and profanity.

David Matheson

*Switching Channels* —★★★

--Kathleen Turner, Christopher Reeve, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson

What if Peggy Sue got married to Stroker Ace then fell in love with Superman III? It might make broadcast news.

Kathleen Turner plays Christy Collorman, a successful anchorwoman for Satellite Network news. Her boss, Sully (Burt Reynolds), to whom she is no longer married, sends her on a badly needed vacation to a resort—which suspiciously resembles *Somewhere In Time*—where she meets the star of that show and former Metropolis goody-two-shoes Chris Reeve. It's instant swimming pool sex.

please see **Reviews**  
on page 14

# Cosmo's Calendar

# Y

# DAY

MARCH 26, 1988

## Prepare yourself for...

### UNFORUM '88

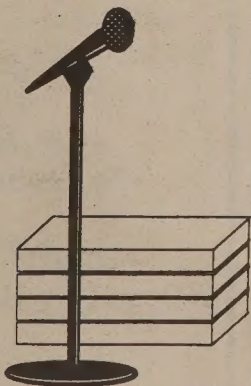
March 29, 1988

11:00 AM

Marriott Center

"Late Morning with David Letterman"

### PHANTOM SOAPBOX



"THE BOX"

is held Wed's at noon  
in The Memorial  
Lounge or  
the Checkerboard  
Quad.

Watch for the  
"Phantom" Soapbox  
meeting randomly on  
a Tues. or Thur.

ASBYU

VOLUNTEERS of the WEEK

Heidi Saastamoinen

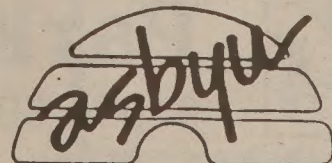
Gary Williams

Håkan Olausson

### ATTORNEY FOR A DAY

Attend  
classes at the  
BYU Law  
School  
ASBYU

Sign up at the  
receptionist  
Classes will  
be held  
March 11,  
1988





**Wings** from page 11

all the time. In italics at the end of a story, on the pages of her calendar, in conversations. Grace finds herself writing them down.

Grace remembers Abbey's gold-fish as she's climbing up the stairs. She had put their bowl outside in the rain this morning to catch the clean water. But the rain has turned to snow and when Grace brings the bowl inside the fish have frozen.

When Abbey comes home Grace tries to explain. "I didn't think about the cold," she says. "It was raining this morning."

Abbey kneels by the bowl and looks at their fins hanging down like gold in the cold, clear water. "It's all right," she says. "It doesn't matter."

\*\*\*

For a week the weather gets progressively warmer and the sky is bright blue above the prematurely melting snow. The water, which suddenly seems to be everywhere, floods the sidewalks and makes pools on the grass. As it runs down the streets it seeps into the cracks where it will freeze until summer comes to break the asphalt apart.

To celebrate, Alden is wearing a white sweater and tennis shoes. He picks Grace up at work and leads her out to his freshly washed car. "Isn't it beautiful?" he says, his face in

Grace's hair. "Let's go out."

Grace smiles. "Where?" she asks.

"The movies."

"But that's inside," she says.

"We'll go for a walk afterwards," he says. "Don't you love to come out of a movie when it's bright outside?"

Grace wears his sunglasses on the way to the theater. The sky and the cars and the signs blaze red, blue and orange. The grass is suddenly green.

The theater is empty except for a man, who sits four rows ahead of them with a baby on his shoulder. From time to time he cranes his head to make sure she is still asleep. The baby, her face a perfect moon, makes a tiny smile.

\*\*\*

The sun remains, hard and sharply cold, still shining the day Grace explains that she is leaving. She tells Alden and he nods, his thoughts on L.A. There really isn't anything to say, so they leave it at that. But all the way home, walking from curb to curb, Grace thinks there must have been something else.

She and Abbey go for a long ride the day after. They've talked about everything and Grace has explained it as best she can, but she leaves things out. Abbey nods sympathetically. In a small town by the lake they buy milkshakes for the ride back.

## Reviews from page 13

Reeve plays Blaine Bingham, a practicing fop and well-to-do purveyor of jock straps and exercise bikes, in what I must contend is Reeve's consummate performance. Later, Blaine and Sully meet, Sully's territorial instincts suddenly emerge, and the contest is on.

Somehow in all the this Ms. Collorman, who tries her darndest to quit the network, ends up interviewing and defending a semi-innocent but thoroughly pathetic pusher and murderer who is being shamefully persecuted buy a nasty state attorney played by Ned Beatty, also on loan from *Superman*.

*Switching Channels*, is sort of a *Saturday Night Live* version of *Broadcast News*. While *Broadcast* was mildly critical, *Channels* mercilessly lampoons the news media, then goes on to

punishment, and whirlwind romances. But *Channels* does support one thing: meaningful love relationships based on commitment and compatibility of interests.

*Channels* is slap-stick comedy at its worst, but after so many "meaningful" films this season, it comes like a breath of fresh laughing gas. The film is full of every sort of gag, but are all good enough; even Burt Reynolds gets by. (It's about time he got out of a truck and did something with his life.)

Of course, I wouldn't recommend seeing *Channels* over something really good like *Moonstruck* or *Good Morning Vietnam*. On the other hand, if you're thinking about committing your evening to something as heinous as *Satisfaction* or *Return of the Living Dead* part whatever, do yourself a favor and see *Switching Channels* instead.

David Matheson



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## THE POLITICAL SCIENCE HONORS SOCIETY

Presents:

### Constitutional Issues Symposium

Panel Discussion to be held

MARCH 16, 8:00 P.M. 2084 JKHB

The discussion will be moderated by:

**Dr. Gary Bryner, BYU Political Science  
Department**

#### Members of the Panel:

- Judge Monroe McKay, U.S. Court of Appeals
- Dr. Lynn Wardle, BYU School of Law
- Dr. Joseph Moody, Utah State Representative
- Dr. Robin Blumner, American Civil Liberties Union  
Executive Director
- Dr. Don Sorensen, BYU Political Science Professor
- Dean Howard Ball, U of U College of Social and Behavioral  
Science

Surrogate Motherhood? Abortion?  
Reproductive Technology?  
These and many other topics will be  
discussed.



# THE CALENDAR

## Lectures & Assemblies

### Devotional

Presiding Bishop Robert C. Hales  
March 15, Marriott Center, 11:00 a.m.

### Honors Modules

note: Honors Modules are free, facinating, and open to all students.

Madison Sowell on Dante's

*Divine Comedy*

March 8, 15, 22 & 29, 241 MSRB, 6:00

Steven Johnson on fin-de-siecle Vienna:

The Music of Brahms and Mahler

March 9, 16, 23 & 30, 211 MSRB, 6:00

K. Codell Carter on Charles Darwin's

*Origin of Species*

March 10, 17, 24, & 31, 241 MSRB, 6:00

### Constitutional Issues Symposium

"The Right To Privacy"

a panel discussion sponsored by the

Political Science Honors Society

March 16, 2084 JKHB, 8:00 p.m.

### Humanities College Lecture Series

Michael Call on Maupassant

March 9, 321 ELWC, 4:00 p.m.

Bruce Jorgensen on Ray Carver

Feb. 10, 123 Alumni House, 4:00 p.m.

David Cowles on Flannery O'Connor

March 11, 321 ELWC, 3:00 p.m.

Glade Hunsaker on the Relevance of

Milton

March 16, 2170 JKHB, 4:00 p.m.

info on all of the above: 374-6732

### Provo Public Library

The Book Club meets the second Friday of

each month (that's this Friday) at 7:00 p.m.

to discuss literature. A theme and book

lists are selected for each month. No dues

or fees.

Interested individuals contact Dena

Simmons, community Affairs Director,

379-6650

### French Honor Society Lecture Series

Dr. Michael Call on "Women Writers of

the Empire"

March 10, place TBA, 11:00 a.m.

### Flea Market of Ideas

Byron K. Murray, "AIDS"

March 16, 321 ELWC, 12:00 noon

Lynn Wardle, "Legal Ramifications of

the AIDS Epidemic"

March 16, 321 ELWC, 1:00 p.m.

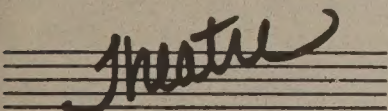
Thomas J. DeLong, "Ethics in Educa-

tion," 321 ELWC, time TBA

David K. Hart, "J. Edgar Hoover &

George Marshall: Public Policy and

Personal Morality," 321 ELWC, time TBA



### BYU

"Portrait of a Madonna" & "A View

From The Bridge," two classic one-acts.

Margetts Theatre, HFAC

through March 19, 7:30 p.m.

"Much Ado About Nothing"

Pardoe Theatre, HFAC

March 17-April 2, 7:30 p.m.

tickets: 378-7447

### Hale Center Theater

2801 S. Main Street, SLC

"The Curious Savage"

through April 11, 8:00 p.m.

"Pinocchio"

Saturdays, 1:00 p.m.

tickets: 484-9257

### Pioneer Theatre

"Death of a Salesman"

March 16-April 2, 8:00 p.m.

matinees March 26 and April 2, 2:00 p.m.

tickets: 581-6961

### U of U Lab Theatre

Performing Arts Building

"Aunt Dan & Lemon"

March 9-11, 8:00 p.m.

March 12, 7:00 p.m.

matinee March 10, 5:00 p.m.

info: 581-6961

### Egyptian Theatre

"Little Shop of Horrors"

Main Street, Park City

Thur.-Sat., through April 2, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 649-9371

### Center Stage Theatre

3350 Highland Drive, SLC

"Born Yesterday"

Thur.-Sat., through March 27, 8:00 p.m.

tickets: 484-9801

### Backstage Dinner Theatre

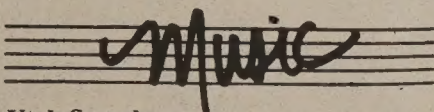
Backstage Cafe, Provo Town Square

"The Plane Maker"

Friday and Saturday nights, through March

19, 6:00-9:00 p.m.

Reservations Required: 373-2233



### Utah Symphony

The Chamber Orchestra of Europe

March 9, 8:00 p.m.

Bloch and Beethoven

March 11 & 12, 8:00 p.m.

Irish Night

March 14, 8:00 p.m.

Mozart, Liszt, and Schumann

March 18 & 19, 8:00 p.m.

Symphony Hall, Salt Lake City

student tickets: \$3.00, 533-6407

### Temple Square Concert Series

Salt Lake Symphony, with Italian pianist

Benedetto Lupo

March 11, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Benedetto Lupo, Italian Pianist (3rd place

winner in the 1986 Bachauer piano

competition),

March 17, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Metropolitan Opera Auditions: Utah

District Winners

March 18, Assembly Hall, 7:30 p.m.

All concerts are free. info: 531-3318

### Snowbird

Warren Miller's White Winter Heat

Wednesdays, Cliff Lodge Ballroom, 8:00

p.m. info: 521-6040 ext. 4080

### Backstage Cafe

The Jed Moffit Quartet (jazz)

Wednesdays, no cover charge

C-More (jazz)

March 11, 9:00-12:00 p.m.

Plastic Porcupine (top 40)

March 11, 12:00-1:00 a.m. only \$1.00

cover after 12:00

Table for Five (jazz)

March 12, 9:00-12:00

Blithe Domy (vocalist)

March 18, 6:00-7:00 p.m.

Lost and Found (jazz & top 40)

March 18, 9:30 p.m.

info: 373-2233

### BYU

ACDA Choral Festival

March 9, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Utah Symphony: Bloch & Beethoven  
March 10, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

BYU Singers, Concert Choir, & Ricks  
College A Cappella Choir

March 11, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

U.S. Navy Band

March 12, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Synthesizer Ensemble

March 15, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

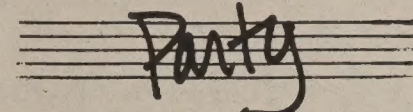
Douglas Humphries, piano

March 16, Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Lamanite Generation

March 16-17, deJong Concert Hall, 7:30

tickets or info to all of above: 378-7444



### Hare Krishna Sunday Feast

Every Sunday at KHQN, 8628 S. Hwy 6

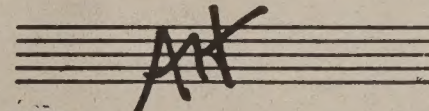
in Spanish Fork. info: 798-3559

### Cotton Club

Dance at Ivy Tower

100 N. 500 W.

March 18, 9:00-1:00 a.m., \$3.00



### BYU

Tell Qarqur, Archaeological Investiga-

tions in Syria, Museum of Peoples and

Cultures, info: 378-6112

"Arizona Landscapes," B.F. Larson

Gallery, HFAC, 7:00 a.m.-10:00 p.m.

"Fantasy Paintings" by Michael Wheelan

The Art Gallery, HFAC

Tuesday-Thursday, 8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

Mon., Fri., & Sat., 8:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

### Salt Lake Art Center

Recent Sculpture by Nicholas Bonner

"The Great American Quilt Festival"

info: 328-4201

### Springville Museum of Art

52 W. 200 S., Springville

Elfie Huntington: "Photographer of Early

Utah" through March 10

info: 489-9434

### Loge Gallery

Pioneer Memorial Theatre, SLC

Oil Paintings by Steve Fawson

March 16-April 2, 10:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.

info: 581-7118

### Bandaloops

176 W. 300 S. SLC

"Food and Lodging" by Rebecca Neilsen

and Paul Heath, through March 31

info: 359-5208

### Blue Mouse Art Gallery

260 E. 100 S., SLC

"Mable & Gertrude," the cartoons of

Judy Winkle, through March 31

Grunts and Postures

561 W. 200 S., SLC

Sally Erskine, through March 31

info: 521-3103

### Museum of Church History & Art

45 N. West Temple, SLC

Book of Mormon Art, through Sept. 11

info: 531-3310

### Utah Museum of Fine Arts

University of Utah

David Dorman, through April 17

American Art, through July 12

info: 581-8677

### Kimball Art Center

638 Park Ave., Park City

Tom Mulder and Linda Myers, through

March 30, info: 649 8882

### Meyer Gallery

305 Main St., Park City

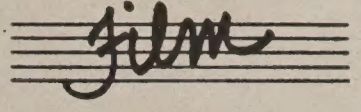
Acrylic paintings and Serigraphs by

Delona Roberts, through March 31

Sculpture by Gary Price, Brant Speed,

Edward Fraughton, and others, through

March 31, info: 649-8160



### International Cinema

250 SWKT

March 8-12:

Anna Cristie (English)

Sheer Madness (German)

Marlene (English/German)

March 15-19:

The Emperor Jones (English)

84 Charing Cross Road (English)

Paul Robeson: Tribute to an Artist

Please check fliers for daily schedules.

### Varsity

Can't Buy Me Love

through March 10, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Nadine

March 11-17, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Baby Boom

March 18-24, 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

### Varsity II

Over the Top

March 11-14, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Maid to Order

March 18-21, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

### Film Society

214 CTB

Lilith

March 11 & 12, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Rain & The Letter

March 18 & 19, 6:00 & 9:00 p.m.

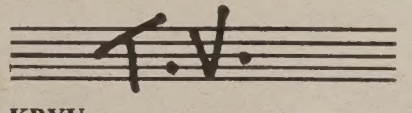
### Blue Mouse

260 E. 100 S. SLC

Loyalties

March 9-22, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.

info: 364-3471



### KBYU



## Interview from page 2

SR: And how did you feel after the U.S. bombed Libya on April 14, 1986?

DV: Libya was bombed on the pretense that they were behind the disco terrorist incident in West Berlin (on April 5, 1986) where one American was killed. When we bombed Libya, we were really trying to kill Gadhafi, although the Reagan administration said that the reason was to fight against terrorism.

But I knew that Iran, who we were dealing with, was far worse than Gadhafi. So I thought that it was time to write the story.

By that time I had three major sources, besides Reagan, who were all on "deep background," which means that I am obligated not to use their information. I could have lied and said that I got the information from someone else, but I don't play it that way. So I carefully managed to talk two of my sources into going on the record, as long as I didn't attribute the information to them by name.

So from April to August of 1986, we ran a series of columns which said the the U.S. was involved in secret negotiations with Iran that involved arms sales originally worked through Israel. We were initially believed. But the problem was that no other reporter could confirm our story.

SR: Why, do you feel, were you the only reporter able to get the Iran-Contra story?

DV: Other reporters told me that their best sources said our story wasn't true. I also had some excellent sources in the White House who told me that the story wasn't true. The story was very hard to piece together because very few people knew about it or had a vested interest in revealing it.

I was lucky. On this story I had three really good sources. But because the rest of the media didn't initially pick up on the story, it didn't break, in the major way that it did, until November of 1986.

SR: In retrospect, do you feel that the trust which you placed in the Reagan administration was betrayed?

DV: No. The only thing that I would have felt betrayed on was if Noel Koch had initially lied to me and if it was just a canard that the Reagan administration believed that the hostages might be killed. But the Tower Commission's report shows that Weinberger, Shultz, Casey, and Reagan all feared that the hostages might be killed if the initiative was not continued. That's why I don't feel betrayed. Those who should feel betrayed, of course, are the American people and allies to whom the White House regularly lied about Reagan's doings.

SR: If you were given the same political scenario today, or in the near future, would you act any differently? Would you disclose the story or keep it hushed?

DV: I probably would do it exactly the same way. If I had written it in 1985, the Reagan administration would not have gotten in that much trouble. They could have passed the story off as an Israeli initiative, because there would have been enough smoke and mirrors to do so. The story got better and better as time went on.

It's a classic example of an unsuccessful covert operation. The Reagan administration got two Americans freed, but three were hostages during the same time period. People using that kind of secrecy always dig themselves deeper with time. But if I had known in March of 1986 of the diversion of money to the contras, I would have written the story then.

*It's a classic example of an unsuccessful covert operation. The Reagan administration got two Americans freed, but three were hostages during the same time period. People using that kind of secrecy always dig themselves deeper with time.*

SR: You have mentioned that it was very ironic that the U.S. sold arms to Khomeini, while labeling Gadhafi as the "mad dog" of the Middle East and menace to the world. Why do you think that Reagan used Gadhafi as a scapegoat, although it was Khomeini who was supporting the majority of the terrorist activities?

DV: Gadhafi was a holy terror and did sponsor terrorism. But up until December of 1985, he only launched assassination teams against ex-Libyans who opposed him and not against Americans.

Anyone in the U.S. government with common sense knew that if we assassinated Khomeini there would be a huge period of chaos in Iran. Nor was it feasible to bomb Iran. And if we had assassinated Khomeini, we would have made him a saint and a hero for years.

But on the other hand, there was already tremendous discontent for Gadhafi in Libya, even by his army. There had already been a dozen coup attempts against him. He seemed to be barely holding on by a thread. Also, Libya is easily accessible. It was an easy in and out operation. So it made sense that we did it.

SR: In light of this, in your opinion, why did the Reagan administration want to renew ties with Iran?

DV: From the taperecorded interview that I had with Reagan, which was entered into the Iran-Contra hearings and into the final report, it was clear that the hostages were the main concern. But the strategic opening of ties to Iran was just as important to Reagan. He was convinced that he could deal and be friends with the Iranian moderates after Khomeini died.

SR: There are reports that the renegade, mercenary, and ex-CIA agent Edwin Wilson wanted you dead. Would you comment on this man and his order for your death?

DV: I was originally reporting on him back in 1980-81. Edwin Wilson was an ex-CIA agent who was selling all kinds of arms and explosives to Gadhafi, with the help of other ex-CIA and U.S. Special Forces people. I wrote a series of columns on him in October (20-22) of 1980.

In one column (September 28, 1981) I said that the CIA had discussed with Wilson, who was living in Tripoli, the possibility of assassinating Gadhafi. This got him into trouble with Gadhafi who apparently reads our column on a daily basis. Wilson was hauled in for eight hours of questioning.

Wilson became very angry and put out a \$30,000 contract for my death. He hired John Dutcher, who had been a torture advisor to Idi Amin and a confessed hit man. Well, I got warned from an FBI source that Dutcher was in Miami and ready to come up to Washington. But

since they didn't know where he was in Miami, they couldn't prevent him from coming to Washington to perform the "hit."

SR: How did you obstruct your assassination?

DV: I ran a column in which I named Dutcher and said that he was planning to kill me. I then mentioned, rather strategically, that he had in fact been hired once by the American mafia to assassinate two El Salvadorians.

But instead of doing it, he got lazy and called the El Salvadorians to warn them. Dutcher then sent them some money so they could flee the country. He then bought two death certificates for them and picked up his "hit" money from the mafia.

I later found out about a year later that Dutcher fled the U.S. the same day that my column was printed. He was far more concerned about the mafia seeking revenge on him than about his assassination of me.

SR: So, there is power in the pen.

DV: Yes, there can be.

## Indo-Pakistani

from front page

renewed Indo-Pakistani war increase dramatically. Each country accuses the other of supporting insurgency within their borders.

Early last year, the two nations came precariously close to rekindling their conflict and both armies moved into positions along their common border in Punjab. Although the crisis was defused, it still illustrates the potential for a fourth major Indo-Pakistani war.

Also, the development of nuclear weapons may lead to preemptive strikes similar to the 1981 Israeli attack on Iraqi nuclear reactor. According to Zalmay M. Khalizad of Columbia University's Institute of War and Peace Studies, "An attack of this kind could set the stage for a larger Indo-Pakistani war."

This scenario might be avoided by adherence to a 1985 agreement to prohibit preemptive strikes against nuclear facilities. But this agreement has not yet been formalized by the Indian and Pakistani governments.

Indian and Pakistani leaders have met intermittently since 1984. However, progress toward peace has been painfully slow. It seems that the negotiations have been used more for self-serving political ends than actual conflict resolution.

Beyond the regional political issues loom wider international—mostly super-power—implications. The United States is the primary military and economic benefactor of Pakistan. The Soviet Union plays a similar role for India.

Since 1979 when the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, the United States has provided extensive military aid to Pakistan. Before 1979, Pakistan was excluded from U.S. military aid by the Symington amendment—a law prohibiting military aid to countries pursuing nuclear weapons capabilities.

Apparently, fears of Soviet expansionism replaced fears of a nuclear South Asia. Pakistan was subsequently granted a six year exemption from the Symington amendment.

But this exemption was contingent on Pakistan's restraint in pursuing a nuclear arsenal.

*"The Reagan administration has not taken into account India's sensitivities on any issue in the formulation of U.S. policy."*

—A. Prasanna Kumar

Pakistan has largely ignored this contingency. The Reagan administration has repeatedly acknowledged that Pakistan has produced weapons-grade uranium at its Kahuta facility. And it has been reported that a second uranium-enrichment facility is being constructed at Golra.

In late December of last year, the President certified Pakistan's eligibility for military aid. Subsequently, Congress extended the Symington exemption for an additional

two-and-a-half years. They also granted \$480 million in foreign aid for fiscal 1988.

A. Prasanna Kumar, an expert in Indian politics at Andhra University, has articulated India's frustrations in response to continuing U.S. military aid to Pakistan. "The Reagan administration has not taken into account India's sensitivities on any issue in the formulation of U.S. policy... The main American aim is to aid Pakistan in containing the Russians entrenched in Afghanistan. But in the process the United States has jeopardized India's security."

These frustrations have served to exacerbate tensions and fuel the arms race in the Asian sub-continent. In January, India acquired a Soviet-made nuclear-powered submarine. Also, professor Kumar has documented the "hardening of public opinion in favor of a nuclear deterrent."

The present prospects for a Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan may offer the United States more flexibility in their policies toward Pakistan. The U.S. may be able to reorder its priorities in South Asia away from national security toward international security. However, it remains unclear how U.S. policymakers will react.